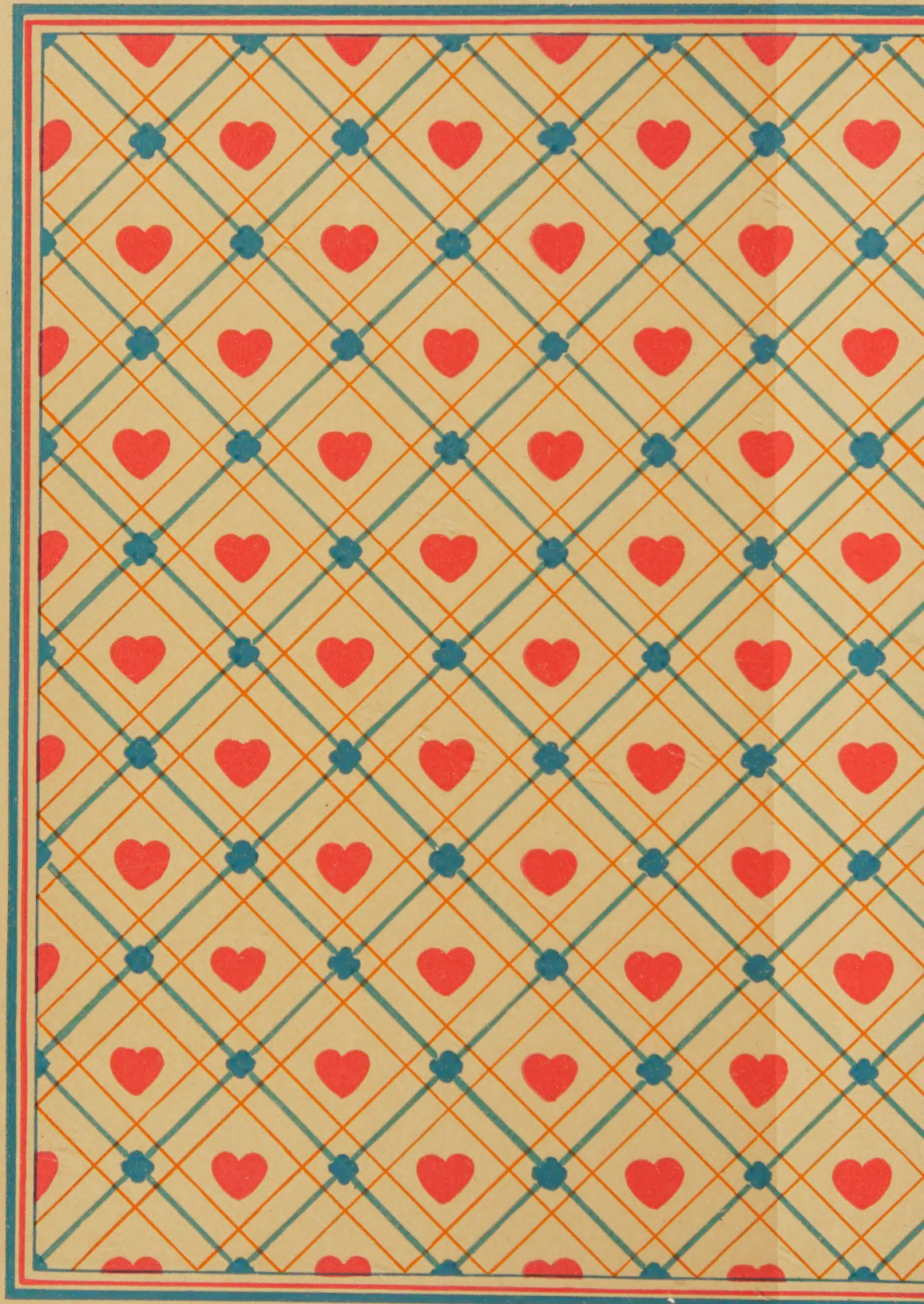
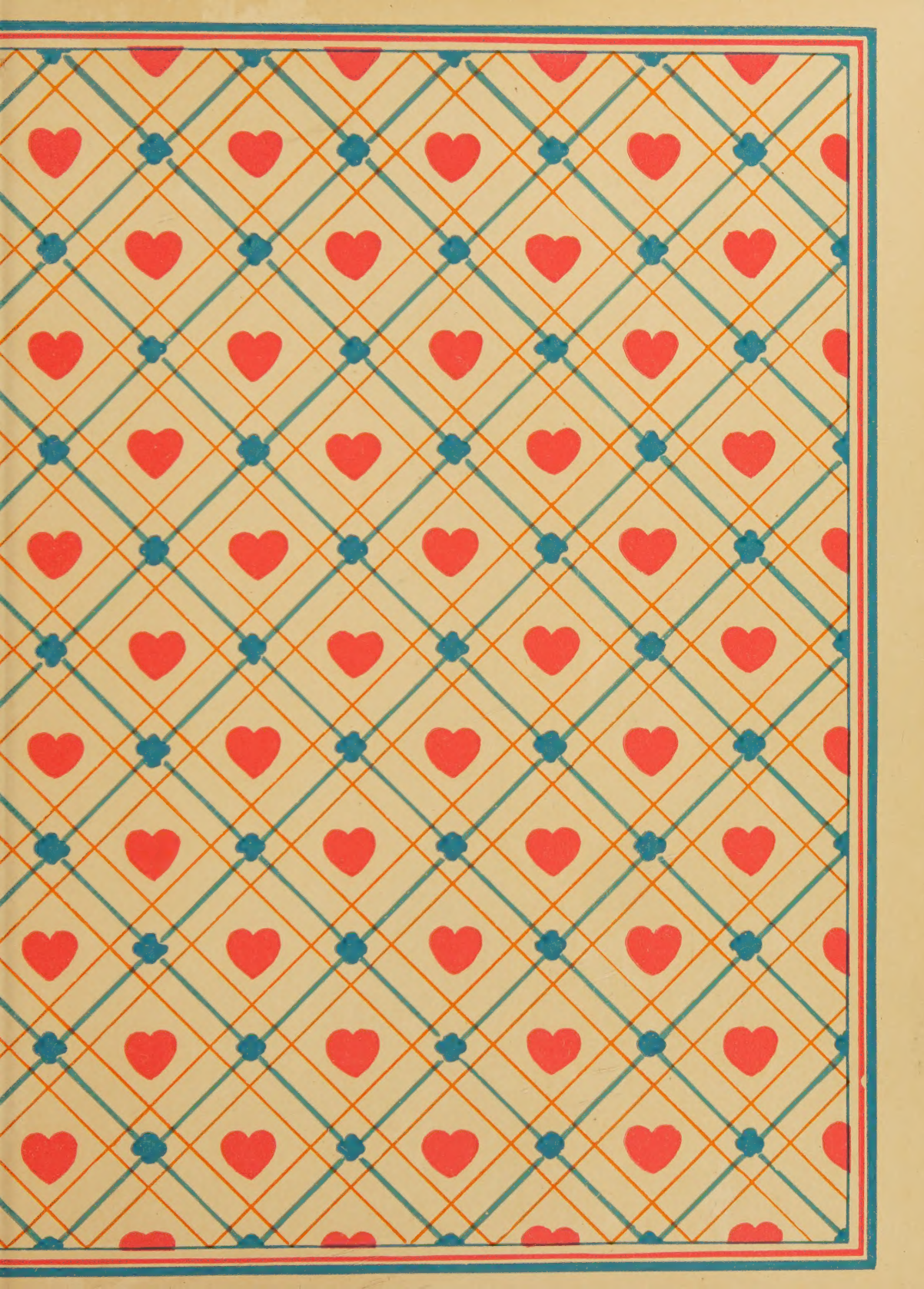


BONBON AND BONBONETTE



Written by
MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN






This
BOOK
belongs to

Barbara



With my love.

me and Peter Merryman



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BONBON
AND
BONBONETTE



BONBON AND BONBONETTE



Written by
MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN
Pictures by
VE ELIZABETH CADIE



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BONBON^{AND} BONBONETTE

Now Santa Claus, oh, Santa Claus
He has a younger brother,
The funniest, the sunniest,
The quaintest little brother.

So neat he is and sweet he is,
His name is Santa Criss,
But should your ear desire to hear
A little more than this —

How sage he is, what age he is,
Of how he lives and where,
Of what he thinks and how he winks
And how he combs his hair —

Then whist a while and list a while,
I think I hear him speak!
Why, bless my soul! How *very* droll!
Suppose we take a peek!



SANTA CRISS

OLD SANTA CRISS sat up plump in his bed,
“Oh, sniffety snoozle, it’s morning!” he said,
“And here I lie stiff as a cinnamon stick —
Now who ever heard of a sillier trick?”
So saying, he wrinkled his nose at the clock,
He flung off his nightcap and jerked on a sock,
He poked about under the bed for his shoes.
“I haven’t,” said Santa, “a minute to lose!”
He scooted them on with the toes for the heels.
“How very peculiar,” thought Santa, “that feels!
I never supposed that my shoes were so tight,
My feet must have broadened a bit in the night.
Ho! Ho!” Santa cried. “Now I see what’s the matter!
Well, wasn’t that funny? I thought I was fatter!
Whenever I hurry that’s just how it goes,
I muddle me up from my head to my toes.”
He tossed on the rest of his clothes with a twiddle,
His spotless white apron he tied in the middle,
And then down the stairway he eagerly crept
And into his Sugar Shop old Santa stepped.

THE SUGAR SHOP

“WAKE up!” Santa cried as he winked at his shelves,
“Wake up, little platters! Stop resting yourselves!

I’ll rattle,” said Santa, “this white cupboard door
So none of my dishes can doze any more.”
And lastly, when quite enough noise had been made,
He pulled up each white little Sugar Shop shade.
And lo! in that kitchen so spick and so span
Hung pan after pan after coppery pan,
And nary a one in the whole of the place
Could Santa peek in without seeing his face.



And then there were tables, more slippery slick
Than the last little bite of a peppermint stick,
And a glossy white sink with a whirligig spout
Where gushes of gurgly water came out.
But much more important than any or all
Was the jolly big fireplace that sat in the wall,
In which there lived many a mischievous flame,
To each of which Santa had given a name.
Oh, one was called Flipsy and one was called Flip,
And one was named Zoozy and one was named Zip,
And one little baby was Tippy-Tap-Too,
And one with a temper was Kichy-Kachoo.
And how they could sputter and how they could scold,
Those hot little flames with the hearts of gold,
But though they were frisky and hated to work,
Their Santa would never permit them to shirk.
For over the fire was a humpy big hook
With a coppery kettle that hung on the crook,
And there with his spoon, which he merrily twirled,
Santa made candies for all of the world.
And though he was not so well known as his brother,
He always was happy, for some day or other
He felt very certain that children would hear

FLIPSY+FLIP+ZOOZY AND ZIP



TIPPY-TAP-TOO AND KICHY-KACHOO

How he loved them and worked for them all of the year.
“Heigh-ho!” sang old Santa. “Before I begin,
Oh, I must be neat as a new little pin!
You see, Sugar Shop, if we could not be neat,
We could not make candy for children to eat.
If we could not make candy — oh, humpety-hoo!
Then what would my poor brother Santa Claus do?
For poor brother Claus is already so rushed
His whiskers are never quite properly brushed.
From winter to winter he dashes about,
And my! what a number of toys he turns out!
But the making of candy he can’t understand —



He clutters around with the clumsiest hand,
He cooks it too fast and he whips it too soon,
And one day I noticed him licking the spoon!
And thus in a jiffy you see how it comes
That *I* am the maker of sugary plums.
Up here in the North in the shimmery shine
How happy I am in this workshop of mine,
For my greatest delight and my dearest endeavor
Is just to send candy to children forever.”



SANTA'S PLAN

“AND now, little shop,” chuckled old Santa Criss,
“I’ve made me a plan, and it’s something like
this:

This morning, you see, I’ve decided to mix
Something more luscious than lemony sticks.
So please to watch closely and patiently wait,
For two little bonbons I now shall create.”
He busily stirred up the fire as he spoke
Till each little flame, at his pokety-poke,
Popped out of its slumber, forgot it was pale,
And wagged at the kettle its red little tail.
Then, whistling, he flipped out his coppery kettle,
That shone like the moon on account of the metal,
And there with his pots and his pans and his whippers,
His dishes, his coloring bottles and dippers,
He cautiously measured and carefully stirred,
He skillfully whisked and he whipped and he whirled.
Then gently he took it before it could settle,
And tip! went the mixture down into the kettle.
And there in the fireplace it boiled and it bubbled
Till even the tiniest bubble had doubled,



SANTA CRISS

When plop! it was cooked and he set it to cool
On top of the table according to rule.
Then firmly, yet tenderly, one after one,
He molded and patted until they were done
Two beautiful bonbons, creamy and sweet,
Entirely too beautiful ever to eat!
“My wonderful bonbons!” sighed Santa. “I know
That bonbons are often quite lovely — but, oh,
I never supposed I should fashion me two
So perfect and precious as either of you!”



BONBON AND BONBONETTE

SANTA turned to the fire and he started to sing,
When straightway there happened a curious thing:
A sort of a rustling — it wasn't a quiver,
Nor was it, thought Santa, exactly a shiver.
He stopped and he stared and he screwed up his eyes,
And pop! went his mouth at his sudden surprise.
Each second went by like a shy little bird,
But Santa stood staring and said not a word.
For there on the table, more softly than snowing,
His bonbons were growing and growing and growing.
Like blossoms they opened and slowly uncurled
Till all of their petals lay wide and unfurled.
Ever so crisply they crinkled apart,
Then lo! from the midst of each bonbon heart
A quaint little figure grew and grew —
And one wore pink and the other wore blue.
Yes, one wore a gown of a delicate pink,
And a locket and chain that went chinkety-chink,
While a pink little pocketbook hung on her arm
And gave to her costume a finishing charm.

And one wore a coat of the pleasantest blue,
With breeches to match of a similar hue,
And whenever he bowed to the lady in pink
His gold little buttons went clickety-clink.
The dearest, the daintiest couple they seemed,
The airiest, merriest ever you dreamed —
Not a bit like the fairies, nor yet like the elves,
But much more like regular children themselves.
“Well, what in the world — why, whatever is this?
I cannot be dreaming!” cried old Santa Criss.
“I must be awake — I can wiggle my thumbs —
But what has gone wrong with my sugary plums?”



Then shyly each figure stepped out of its shell
And said in a voice like a tinkly bell,
“There’s nothing wrong, Santa! Oh, why do you fret?
If you please, sir, we’re Bonbon and Bonbonette.”
“Well, bless me!” said Santa. “This *is* a surprise!
I hope you’ll excuse me for doubting my eyes.
You see, I’ve made candy for hundreds of years,
And nothing like *this* ever happened, my dears.”
“Oh, no, sir,” said Bonbon, “oh, probably not,
But please, sir, we hope you will love us a lot.
We hope you may even invite us to stay
And spare us a corner in which we can play.”
“‘A corner!’ Oh, fiddle! Why, that wouldn’t do
For two little people so special as you!
I’ll tell you, my Bonnies,” cried old Santa Criss,
“I have an idea — now listen to this:
Curl up in my armchair and quietly sit
While I wash my dishes and dippers a bit.
I’ll show you a secret — what *do* you suppose?
A secret that not even Santa Claus knows!”
So there in his armchair they cuddled them up
As snugly as two little cracks in a cup.



T H O U G H T S

They puckered their brows and they sat very still,
They wondered and wondered as all children will,
While silently round them above that big chair
Their thoughts bubbled lazily up through the air.
But so filmy they were as they floated away,
Their color was, oh, such a delicate gray,
Unless you looked closely with all of your might,
You wouldn't have noticed that singular sight.
For thoughts are most difficult things to discern,
And each takes its own and particular turn,
But these of the children resembled the smoke
That blows from the pipes of the pixie-like folk.



THE HEART SANTA LOST

“**B**UT hush!” whispered Bonbon. “Why, isn’t that queer!”

Whatever can Santa be singing, my dear?”

They listened intently, they spoke not a word,

And this was the singular song that they heard:

I’ve lost my heart! I’ve lost my heart!

I’ve lost my heart! Heigh-ho!

A very precious part, the heart —

I hate to let it go!

I felt a dart, I felt a smart,

I knew not what it meant.

My fluttered heart it fell apart —

I wonder where it went.

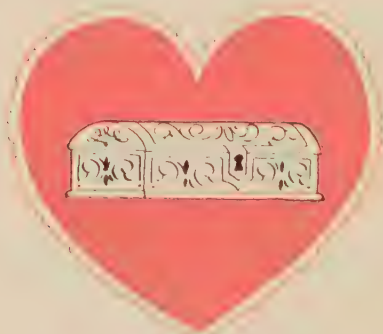
I’ve lost my heart! I’ve lost my heart!

The only heart I had.

I’ve lost my heart! Oh, taffy tart!

How very, very sad!

“Oh, think!” murmured Bonbonette, “just think of that!
He hasn’t a heart to go pitty-pit-pat,
And a heart is a thing people need such a lot.
We ought to do something to help him — but what?”
“I’ll tell you,” said Bonbon, “we’ll look by and by —
Perhaps we can find it ourselves if we try —
We’ll look in his cap and we’ll look in his sock,
We’ll look in the cupboards, we’ll look in the clock,
We’ll look in the corners wherever we pass,
And, last of all places, we’ll look in the glass.”
“Now watch!” whispered Santa. Then what do you think!
At first with a chuckle and then with a wink,
He took down a slender gold box from a shelf,
He blew on it thrice, and it opened itself.
Then gravely he picked out a gold little key



As twirly and twisty as twisty could be,
And as he gave both of his children a look
They saw his front finger go crookety-crook.
Puzzled, they scrambled from out of his chair
And tiptoe they followed old Santa to where
They saw in a corner, quite close to the floor,
A shiny white cupboard with one little door.
“Now whist!” said old Santa, “for here lies the way
To one of the rarest of places to play,
But try to remember each door that you see
You first must unlock with this magical key.”
Then plump! fell the key into Bonbon’s own pocket.
“Unlock it, why don’t you?” cried Santa. “Unlock it!
But when you grow weary, my Bonnies, why, then
Come back to the kitchen and Santa again.”





THE MARBLE CORRIDOR

THEY opened the cupboard, they crept through the
door,

And tap went their feet on a marble-like floor.

They heard Santa's chuckle — more airy it grew,

Then faint as the voice of an echo it blew.

And there in a long narrow passage they stood,

But peer toward the distance as far as they could,

The most they could see was the glimmery spark

Of red copper lanterns that swung in the dark.

But soon they discovered in less than a trice

That darkness is often remarkably nice.

For darkness itself is quite empty, you know,

And has to be filled with pretending, and so

They filled it with fairies and angels with wings

And all sorts of sparkling, jewel-like things,

With beautiful ladies and brave, bold knights

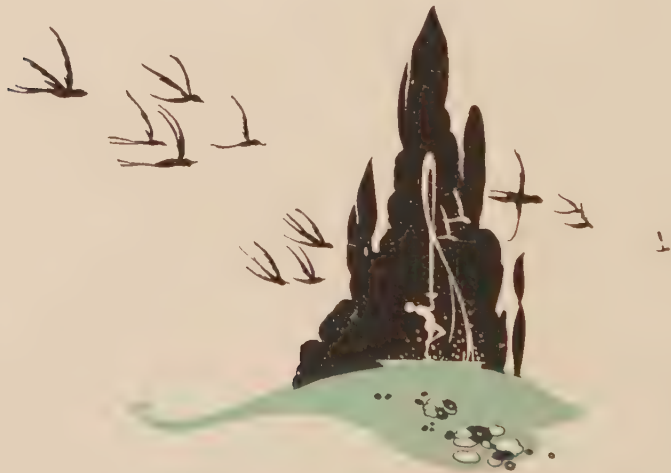
Who carried silk banners and torches for lights.

And would you believe it? — they didn't leave space

For even *one* goblin to poke in his face,

But they made it so lovely that, almost before

They knew how it happened, they came to a door.
And on they sped wondering what they should see,
While door after door opened wide to the key,
Till suddenly into that corridor dim
Came spouting a sunbeam slippery slim,
And after came hundreds and hundreds of others,
His aunts and his cousins, his sisters, his brothers.
The long narrow passage had ended at last —
Outside in the sun stood the children aghast,
For there just beyond them, all shimmery green,
Lay the loveliest garden that ever was seen.



THE GARDEN

MORE gauzy it was than a queen fairy's gown,
More sparkling and rich than a king's jeweled
crown,

Yet somehow, in spite of the glitter and gleam,
A little bit hazy it was, like a dream,
As if it held secrets entirely its own,
Strange secrets that nobody ever had known
Except perhaps people like pixies and elves,
Who never repeat things except to themselves.
So feathery tall were the tapering trees,
That rippled and tossed in the crisp morning breeze;



Such a radiant blue was the sky that day,
And on it like pillows the white clouds lay;
So fresh were the flowers all dripping with dew,
So sweet and so fragrant and sparkling, too,
While the sunbeams that lit on the dewdrops so wet
Made bright little rainbows wherever they met.
But hurry," cried Bonbon, "for there is a brook,
And a beautiful boat lies upon it—oh, look!
How sudsy the water that foams in its trail!
And who ever sighed for a friskier sail?
Ahoy, Mr. Captain, we're coming! Hurray!"
Cried Bonbon as both of them flitted away
To where sat the captain, old Jujube the Frog,
With two of his brothers who wrote up the log.
The very next minute they hopped in their boat,
They pulled in the painter, and flippety-float,
On top of the ripples that wrinkled around
Along through that wonderful garden they wound.
And, oh, it was full of the loveliest things:
Of butterflies sailing on silvery wings,
Of proud little birds who sat swinging at ease,
Trailing their shimmery tails from the trees,



Of queer little animals peeping about
That shyly went sniffing, now in and now out,
Until they grew bolder and popped through the sun
To waggle their tails at the children in fun.
“But, Bonbon,” begged Bonbonette, “isn’t it time
To leave our good captain and go for a climb?
Up close to that pebbly path is a seat.
Let’s go take a look at it — *isn’t* it sweet!”
And there to the children came floating a tune,
First faint and far off as if blown from the moon,
Then more and more clearly came bubbling along
Note after note of that strange little song:



Soft, soft, fluttery soft,
Soft as a feather falling,
Soft, soft, silvery soft
As the voice of a fairy calling,
Swift, soft, ever aloft
I tilt in the tips of the trees,
Soft, soft, whisper it oft,
I am the butterscotch breeze.

Soft, soft, shimmery soft,
Soft as a bubble breaking,
Soft, soft, quivery soft
As a gay little shadow shaking,
Swift, soft, ever aloft
I tilt in the tips of the trees,
Soft, soft, whisper it oft,
I am the butterscotch breeze.



And there in the sunlight that twinkled and tossed
The children remembered the heart Santa lost.
“I think,” exclaimed Bonbon, “our own Santa Criss
Would probably lose it in some place like this,
For beautiful gardens are places, they say,
Where many a red little heart goes astray.
I’ll tell you — suppose that we solemnly vow
To both begin carefully hunting it now.
This very next minute we’ll both of us start
And never give up till we find Santa’s heart!”





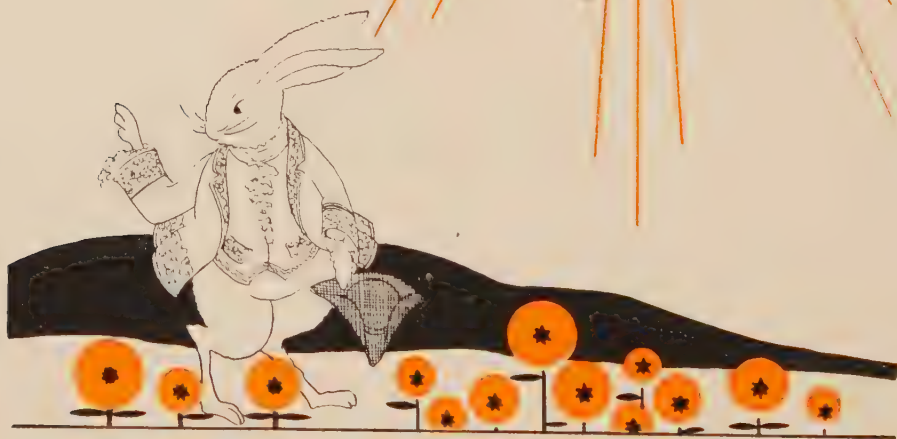
MARSHMALLOW BUNNY

THE MARSHMALLOW BUNNY

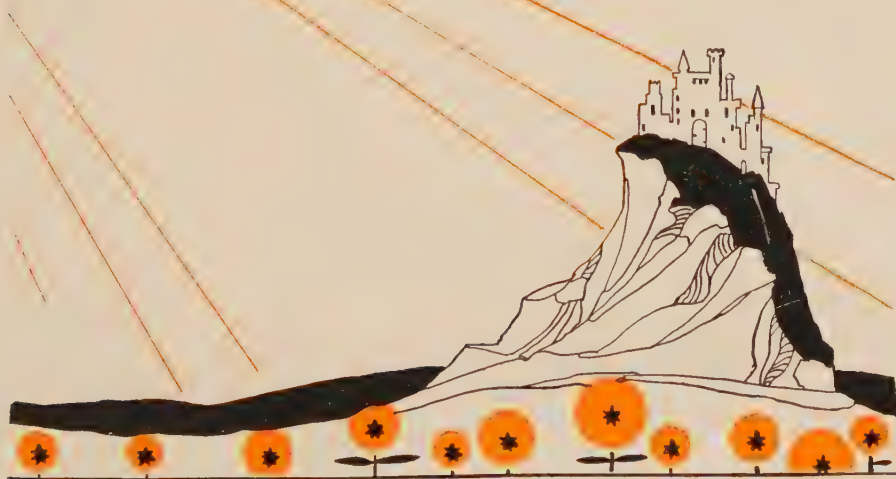
NOW after the children had vowed, if you please,
They noticed a sort of a sniffety sneeze.
Then up spoke a voice so polite and so meek,
“Good morning!” it said with the pleasantest squeak,
“Welcome, both Bonbon and Bonbonette,
To the beautiful Gardens of Caramalette!
But there — I’m forgetting — how perfectly funny!
Excuse me, my dears, I’m the Marshmallow Bunny.”
Then out hopped a bundle of snowy white fluff
All squoozily round like a powdery puff,
And when they looked closely — oh, *what* do you
think? —
They saw that his nose was delightfully pink.
And after a little they noticed enough
To know he was really a powdery puff,
For often a breeze, as it started to stir,
Would ruffle the tips of his cottony fur
Till it tickled the Bunny, that mischievous breeze,
And sooner or later it caused him to sneeze.
And whenever he sneezed with a sudden “Ka-choo!”
From out of his fur the white powder just flew!

THE SUNBEAM SLIDE

“BUT come,” said the Bunny, “I’ll give you a ride
Away to the top of the taffety slide!
Oh, the taffety slide is a whizzle of fun!
It wavers and wavers away from the sun,
It tilts through the air with a shine and a sheen.
It slants to the grasses so velvety green,
You’d never imagine, nor could you be told,
The glint of the sun on that glittery gold.
So slippery slick, and so glossy it is,
It scoots you along with a wonderful whiz,
It’s rough on one’s tail, I am forced to admit,
But that doesn’t matter the least little whit.



Hop onto my back with a skip and a bound,
Now flippety, flippety over the ground,
Now on up and up, with a leap and a spring,
And onto the taffy toboggan we swing!
Hang fast to my whiskers the whole of the trip —
Now here we go down with a zippety-zip!
Oh, where in the world could you possibly find
Amusement and sport of a livelier kind?"
"Why, nowhere!" they shouted. "Do let's have another!
Let's make it, O Bunny, more swift than the other."
So over the ground, with a skip and a glide,
Again they rode back to the top of the slide.





THE LOLLYPOPS

“**B**UT look!” exclaimed Bonbon. “Why, isn’t that funny!”

I wish you’d explain it, O Marshmallow Bunny.

On top of the fountain is something afloat,

Revolving about in a leafy green boat.”

The Marshmallow Bunny he sneezed in his fur,

“Why, that,” he remarked, “is a Lollypop, sir.

In Caramelle there are numbers of them —

One lighted just now on that wintergreen stem.

And close to those chocolate buds there are three

Preparing their Lollypop table for tea,

While under that bush are a dozen adoze,

And see how this pretty one powders her nose.”

“But tell us, what are they?” inquired Bonbonette.

“They don’t look like fairies nor pixies, and yet

They all look so chubby, so cheruby fat,

They must be relations or something like that.”

“Well, frankly, my dear,” said the Bunny, “that’s so.

Their ancestors used to be cousins, you know,

But, though they bear likeness to numberless elves,

The Lollypops mostly resemble themselves.

Another thing, too, you will note, I surmise:
The way that the Lollypops vary in size.
Each day I'm reminded a half-dozen times
Of dollars and quarters and nickels and dimes.”
“I think they're just precious!” remarked Bonbonette.
“O Bonbon, be sure and let's never forget
To watch for the curly bright heads and the wings
Of all of these dear little Lollypop things.”
And—would you believe it?—the very next minute
They noticed a tree and a bird's nest within it,
While high in the nest in the top of the tree
Sat a Lollypop busy as busy could be,
For he carried a feather of beautiful red,
And each time the breezes grew faint overhead,
Then ever so gently his feather he took
And tickled the leaves till they shivered and shook.





THE PEPPERMINT TREE

“**B**UT now,” said the Bunny, “now pick up your feet
And come while I show you a marvelous treat,
For even a Lollypop cannot compare
With the peppermint tree that is ripening there.
Come closer and notice each plump little stick,
So round and so ripe and so ready to pick —
For you tell by the redness of each little stripe
Exactly when peppermint sticks are ripe.”
“Oh, jolly!” cried Bonbon to Bonbonette,
“This peppermint picking is pleasantest yet.
We’ll fill all my pockets and maybe your lap —
Just feel them break off with that nice little snap!
But, in spite of the fact they are pleasant to pick,
I think they are much more delightful to lick.”
So there by those beautiful branches they stood,
And both of them picked just as hard as they could,
But each time a peppermint popped itself out
Another one presently started to sprout.





STICK CANDY TREE

THE SUGAR BALLOON

“**B**UT hush!” whispered Bonbon. “Oh, what is that sound .

The butterscotch breezes are blowing around?”

“You mean,” asked the Bunny, “that dingety-dong?

Why, that, I believe, is the gingery gong.

It’s probably ringing to call you to lunch —

To lunch in the palace! Oh, pineapple punch!”

“The *palace!*” cried Bonbon and Bonbonnette.

“But is there a palace in Caramelle?”

“Of course,” said the Bunny. “The sugar balloon
Leaves the peppermint tree for the palace each noon.

Ah, here it comes floating! More gently it blows

Than a pearly white petal that falls from a rose.”

Then over the tips of the peppermint tree,

Buoyed up like a bubble and fluttering free,

From out of the blue of that summery sky

The sugar balloon came trembling by.

They watched while it hovered, and thought it would
pass,

But ever so lightly it sank to the grass,

And there all aquiver, ashiver it lay,

A little impatient to be on its way.



“Hop in,” said the Bunny. “You’ll love it, I know.
There’s nothing so nice as a brisk little blow.
Hop into the basket all crystallly white,
And away to the palace and there you alight.”
Then over the fountain and over the trees
That twinkled aloft in the sun and the breeze,
Serenely they floated, and calmly they flew,
And quietly on to their palace they blew.



THE COCONUT CAT

“O BONBON, oh, look, dear!” exclaimed Bonbonette.
“We’ve come to the Palace of Caramellette.
But there in the doorway — whoever is that?
I truly believe it’s a Coconut Cat!”
Then out hopped the children, and as they ran quicker
They knew it was true, for they saw in a flicker
Her fur it was fuzzed in the coconut style,
And she smiled at the children a coconut smile.
So cordial and kind was the Coconut Cat,
So jolly she was and so motherly fat —
Unlike the young Bunny, her fur was quite fuzzy,
And all of her manners were pleasantly buzzy.
‘Good morning, my dears!’ said the Coconut Cat.
“Take care lest you trip on the caramel mat!
Your luncheon is late by the whole of a minute,
So hie through the palace and see what is in it.
And meanwhile I’ll dust up the parlor a bit
And then I’ve a muffler I’ve started to knit.
I hope you won’t mind, you’ll excuse me, I trust —
Though nothing is dirty, I *do* love to dust!”

THE COCOANUT CAT



THE PALACE

“SO THIS is the Palace of Caramette!
I think it’s just patty!” exclaimed Bonbonette.
“And here is the parlor — oh, *isn’t* it sweet!
That pinky piano I think I could eat.”
Then out of the parlor and into the hall
The children went flying, and first thing of all
They came to a room that was shuttered and cool,
And in it were tables that each had a stool.
And there on those smooth little tables of gray
Stood basins and basins of damp, colored clay —
Clay you could mold into shapes by the hour:
A house with a chimney, a church with a tower,
A turkey, a turtle, a horse with a tail,
A fish with a fin, or a ship with a sail,



Perhaps just a man with an odd sort of nose,
Or any fantastical fancy you chose.
For many and strange were the things that lay
Curled deep in the heart of that cool, colored clay,
Awaiting the touch of a firm little hand,
Longing to rise at a sudden command,
Wondering what they might grow up to be,
Anxiously waiting and longing to see.
“Oh, ginger!” cried Bonbon. “I wish I could stay
And model an elephant, here in this clay.
But come, Bonbonette, else we’ll never, I fear,
See half of the palace by luncheon, my dear.”
Then many a strange-looking door did they pass,
And many a window of bright colored glass,
Where smart little colors in rickety rows
Tripped and fell tumbling on each other’s toes.
On, on they went up a curlicue stair,



Till, peeping and peering, now here and now there,
They came to a room that was knobby with nooks,
And in it hung costumes on humpety hooks:
Fine, rustly silk dresses and swashbuckler suits,
With slippers to match them and tall, shiny boots.
Here, shut in a trunk, they found red and black wigs,
With ribbons and feathers for all sorts of rigs,
While down in the bottom, tucked under some sashes,
Lay bunches of fierce-looking bushy mustaches.
“But come,” shouted Bonbon, “oh, sugar and spice!
For next is a picture-book room — how nice!



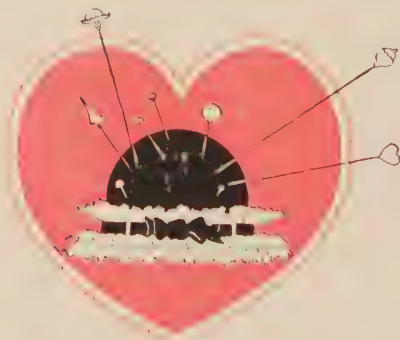


Here are big, big books with clasps of gold:
Red books and blue books and new books and old,
With pictures of pirates and Indians, too,
And giants, the fiercest that ever you knew.
And here is a yellow book — what can it be?
Oh, joy! It is all about battles at sea!
Do think, Bonbonette, just imagine if I
Were captain of some famous ship by and by.
Or I might be a pirate that everyone feared,
And then I'd dress up in a sash and a beard
And cover my arms with a lot of tattoo
And walk sort of strutting, as all pirates do.
But come, dear, it's time we were hurrying out."
So, twisting and turning and peeping about,
The children went on through the caramel hall
And came to their own rooms the last of them all.



BONBONETTE'S ROOM

NOW Bonbonette's room was a ruffle of pink,
And in it hung gold little mirrors awink,
And lacy white curtains more shimmery thin
Than the gauziest web that a spider can spin,
While scattered about were the daintiest things:
A polka-dot apron with dimity strings,
A work basket all full of bright little spools,
Of long, snippy scissors and neat little rules.
On top of the dresser were bottles to pour,
With shiny glass stoppers—a dozen or more—
While tucked in among them, like fat little twins,
Sat two rosy pin cushions prickled with pins.
“How perfectly creamy! I cannot stand still!”



Sighed Bonbonette. "Truly, I'm all of a thrill.
My heart's going pit-pat, but this is the worst —
I just can't decide what to look at the first."
And so for a while she went buzzing around,
Exclaiming at all of the treasures she found,
Until with a flutter she came to the spread
That rippled in ruffles on top of the bed.
Then into the midst of that fluffety-fluff
She flipped herself up with a puffety-puff,
And plump in the pillows she lit with a pounce
For bounce after bounce after feathery bounce.





BONBON'S ROOM

NOW Bonbon's own room was a soldier-like blue,
And in it hung pennants, a dozen or two,
While all round the wall in a panel below
Brave knights went a-riding in row after row.
So bravely they rode you could see at a glance
How perfect the tilt of each long, pointed lance,
And you knew by the way that their banners unfurled
Those knights were the noblest in all of the world.
And somehow to Bonbon it suddenly seemed
That garden and palace were things he had dreamed
And only those wonderful knights were real
Who proudly went riding in armor of steel.
He saw himself, Bonbon, grow tall as a knight,
In armor that glittered all frostily white.
He saw himself riding through forests alone —
Strange forests like none the world ever has known,
For over those forests enchantment hung,
No beast ever strayed and no bird ever sung,
No sound ever broke on that lifeless air,
And only the shadows of colors were there.
In all of that stillness there blew not a breeze,

But long, limp mosses that looped through the trees
Hung dangling down in the motionless air
Like the tangled locks of a witch's hair.
To Bonbon it seemed that he journeyed for miles
Along through those winding and sunless aisles,
Till he came at the last to the fringe of a pool
Where lilies were growing all slippery cool.
So fresh they appeared, he went closer to feel
Whether those wide-open petals were real.
And lo! at the edge of the water so deep
He came on a beautiful princess, asleep.
So lovely she looked in her flowing white gown,
Forgetting the lilies, he boldly bent down,
And then, without waiting for even a peek,
He kissed her most gallantly twice on the cheek.
Her eyelids went flicker, she opened her eyes,
While Bonbon, still kneeling, looked on with surprise,
For, in spite of the robe and the pearl coronet,
He saw that the princess was Bonbonette.
And behold! from that second the sinister wood
Began to grow green again fast as it could,
For Bonbon, the knight, had come into the dell
And, kissing the princess, had broken the spell.

“Heigh-ho!” Bonbon sighed, and away blew his dream!
He looked toward the wall and saw something agleam,
And when he went eagerly closer to look,
And took down his treasures from off of a hook,
He saw that the one was a dashing blue cape,
The other a sword of a singular shape.
Of course Bonbon knew that they must be for him,
So he put on the cape and the sword so slim,
And each step he took he could feel the cape swing
While gently the sword it went jigglety-jing.



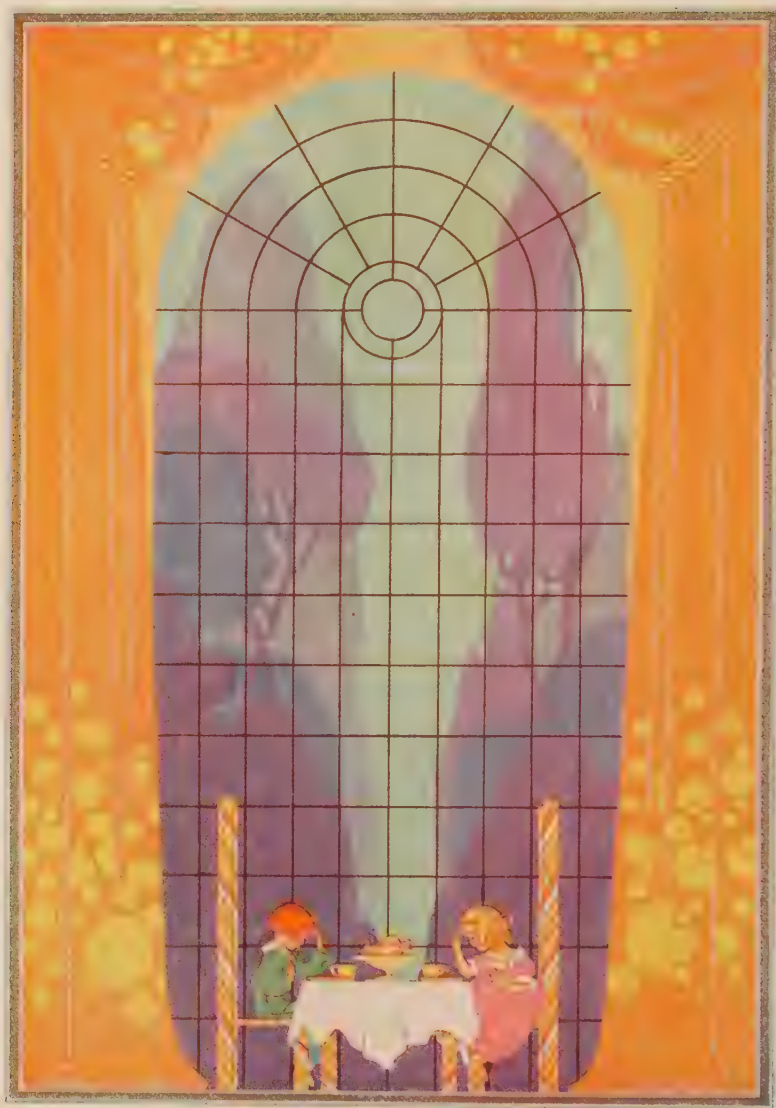
THE HOARHOUND PUP

THEN back to the parlor they hurried, pit-pat,
Back to the motherly Coconut Cat,
And close by her side, with his tail tucked up,
Oh, whom should they see but a Hoarhound Pup!
Now the Hoarhound Puppy was slippery brown.
His ears they were long and they both hung down,
Which made him appear just a little bit sad.
And really, you know, that was rather too bad,
For his heart was as light as the bounce of a bubble.
He hadn't a trial, he hadn't a trouble.
And thus one is never quite safe, it appears,
In judging the world by the set of its ears.
"You see," said the Coconut Cat, "at a look
You surely could tell that the Puppy's a cook.
While I do the dusting and answer the door
The Puppy makes dainties by dozen and score.
But because of your coming he's been so delighted,
He's been so upset, and he's been so excited,
That all he can do is just stammer and stutter,
And twice with his tail he's bumped into the butter!"



“G-good day!” piped the Pup as he blushed very brown.
“Excuse me,” he said, “if I seem to f-frown.
Though my pop-corn p-pudding is perfectly squizzle,
I fear my ch-chocolate chip is a fizzle!”
Then, bowing and blushing and bowing once more,
He led them away through a caramel door
To where sat a luncheon as dainty and sweet
As any a prince or a princess might eat.





THE WHIPPED-CREAM CLOUD

“BUT, oh!” cried out Bonbon to Bonbonette,
As they lunched in the Palace of Caramelle,
“O Bonbonette, listen a minute to this:
We’ve forgotten the heart of our poor Santa Criss!
Suppose that we both make another new vow
That here in the garden we’ll hunt for it now.”
So there at the table they squinked up their eyes
And vowed in a manner both solemn and wise,
And quickly as luncheon was over and done
Away flew the children out into the sun.
“But look, Bonbonette,” burst out Bonbon aloud,
“Look up overhead at that whipped-cream cloud!
I see something shiny, part red and part gold,
And that is the color of hearts, I am told.
Come sit on this limb and we’ll both make it sway,
Now faster, now faster, now up and away,
Away we go flying as if in a dream,
And lightly we land in a crinkle of cream.
But that is no heart, dear,” sighed Bonbon aloud,
“It’s only a sunbeam akink in a cloud.”



Yet don't be discouraged the least little whit.
Come sit by my side and we'll rest us a bit."
So there in the cool of the cloud they grew chatty,
When suddenly, neat as a peppermint patty,
Oh, who should go past them, a-toodlety-toot,
But twelve little Lollypops taking a scoot!
For surely you know, if you ever have tried,
A creamy, white cloud makes an excellent slide.
More swift than a whistle of wind you go,
But that's what a Lollypop likes, you know —
Unless he feels lazy, which happens at times.
When into a crumple of cloud he climbs,
And there like a bee in a big white flower
He dreams little Lollypop dreams by the hour.
"But look, dear," cried Bonbon, "below on the white
I just saw another about to alight,
And, oh, such an odd and mysterious thing —
He carried a shovel tucked under his wing!"
Then — would you believe it? — he found him a puff,
A whiffle of foam and a whiffle of fluff,
And there in the slant of a slithery beam
He dipped in his shovel and dug in the cream.

"But isn't it funny," remarked Bonbonette,
"The Lollypops never have noticed us yet?
I cannot believe they don't see us at all
When we're so enormous and they are so small."
"Well, perhaps," answered Bonbon, "perhaps that is why
They never look up when they're passing us by.
Just think, for example, of you and of me
And all of the things that are bigger than we.
Oh, maybe the clouds and the stately trees
And the sputtery stars and the tipsy breeze
Look down on the speckles called me and you:
And perhaps *they* laugh at the things *we* do."





THE FOUNTAIN OF FROSTING

“**L**OOK down in the fountain of frosting cool,
For something quite golden lies curled in the pool.
But what a queer cloudlet! Oh, have you been noting
How all of a sudden we seem to be floating?
We’re sailing down into the garden, I vow!
We’re passing this minute a peppermint bough.”
Then off slid the children and back blew the cloud,
And, “Hurry! Oh, hurry!” called Bonbon aloud,
As away to the fountain of silvery frost
They hastened to hunt for the heart Santa lost.
For there they could notice was something ashimmer,
But when they came close to the glint and the glimmer
They saw that the speck they had scurried to save
Was only a gold little fish in a wave.
And while they were standing a little bit vexed,
Considering what they had better do next,
From out of the fountain, drifting slow,
The loveliest bubbles began to blow.
And tucked in the midst of the loveliest one
Was something that glittered like gold in the sun,
But when they went closer they saw at a clap
It was only a Lollypop taking a nap.



DISCOURAGEMENT

“O BONBON,” sighed Bonbonette, “what shall we do?
I’m getting a little discouraged! Aren’t you?
We’ve looked in ’most all of the corners we know—
Where else in the world can we possibly go?
To find it, of course, we must both hunt about,
But you’re such a scooter you’ve tired me all out.
This hunting a heart I believe, on my soul,
Is like poking in water and hunting the hole.”
“All right, then,” sighed Bonbon, “let’s rest us a bit,
For I’m pretty weary, I’ll have to admit.
It does seem so perfectly odd, Bonbonette,
We haven’t found even a trace of it yet.”
And then, for the whole of a minute or two,
Their thoughts were the deepest and darkest of blue.
But after a while, as they sat on that slope,
Some brisk little rainbow-like bubbles of hope
Began to blow merrily up through the air
Until not a sign of a blue one was there,
And both of the children sprang up from the lawn
All rested, and ready for hastening on.

For, oh, it's an odd and mysterious thing
How blue little bubbles of thought take wing,
How hearts that were heavy beat high in the breast
When tired little bodies are willing to rest.
For Old Man Discouragement never can win
Till Old Mother Weariness first lets him in,
But when at the doorway these two meet,
Then slyly he enters through tired little feet.



THE LICORICE OWL

“**H**EIGH-HO!” shouted Bonbon. “I’m all of a hum,
I feel so excited! Come quickly, oh, come!”
“Good luck, sir! Good luck!” croaked a voice overhead.
“There’s nothing like patience — at least, so it’s said.
But linger a moment, and here, by my fiddle,
I vow I shall tell you my very best riddle.”
They looked and they looked to see who it could be,
And there on a limb of a knotty old tree,
Surveying them both with a quizzical scowl,
Oh, whom should they see but a Licorice Owl!
Now the Licorice Owl was a likable bird,
Though not at all given to matters absurd.
There was, for example, a licorice scowl
That never came off of the Licorice Owl.
Moreover, the Owl was incredibly old.
He could tell you more tales than have ever been told.
But no one could guess in a day or a week
One-tenth of the riddles that fell from his beak,
For the Owl he knew more than a whole lot of kings,
He sat and he pondered on thousands of things.
You knew the first minute he rolled up his eyes

T H E L I C O R I C E O W L



The Licorice Owl was remarkably wise,
Why, often his words were so long and so hard
They measured by ruler a half of a yard!
But somehow you couldn't feel sure what he meant,
For most of his words he made up as he went.
But now with a flourish he patted his chin,
He flapped out his wing and he fleckered it in,
He put on a monocle rimmed with gold,
And this was the riddle the old Owl told:

Blubbety! Blubbety! Blub!

A fly fell into a tub!

He tried to buzz out on his two little wings,
But they just wouldn't wiggle, those poor wet things.

Now there is a riddle to bother about —

How did the fly get out?

Blubbety! Blubbety! Blub!

A fly fell into a tub!

But after a minute the soap made him sneeze,
Which you may imagine created a breeze,

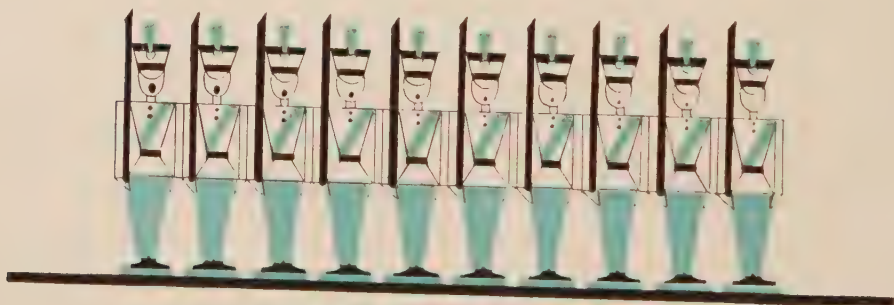
And thus, without further annoyance or trouble,

He *blew* himself out on a bubble!

“Well, if that wasn’t lucky!” cried Bonbonette.
“Just think of that poor little fly, all wet!
I suppose he blew off with a whiffety-whiff
The very first minute his wings grew stiff.
But, Bonbon, whatever on earth do you see?
You’re staring and staring as hard as can be!”
“Why, there,” answered Bonbon, “those steps over
there —
Just what do they lead to, I wonder, and where?”
“Why, those,” said the Owl, “I have often heard tell,
Lead far, far down to the Wishety Well —
That well wherein wishes lie carefully curled,
The most wonderful wishes in all of the world!
You write out a wish,” said the Owl, “and you tuck it
Inside of the gold little wishety bucket.



Then down it will go with a swoop and a swish,
And back it will come with your wishety wish.
It will bring up a dolly with blue button eyes,
A silvery thimble — oh, think what a prize! —
A boat that will sail with a tippy-tip-tip,
A set of tin soldier men, ten at a trip,
A birthday cake covered with candles aglow,
Such ladylike candles set round in a row,
Each blushing so proudly and each one excited
To find herself suddenly lovely when lighted.
It will bring up all manner of musical things,
A drum with a stick or a fiddle with strings,
And once I remember — oh, chocolate cheers! —
It brought up a shiny red wagon, my dears!"



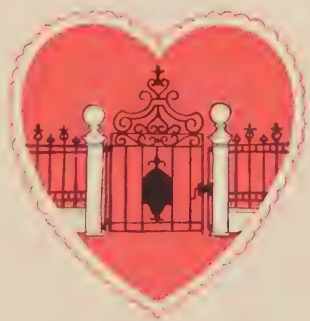
THE CINNAMON DELL

“OH, REALLY and truly?” cried Bonbon. “I call
That wonderful well quite the best thing of all!
But steps are such bothers, so here I go sailing,
Now watch me go down with a scoot on the railing!”
Then down he went flying with, oh, such a zip,
But Bonbonette went with a trip-trippy-trip,
Daintily tapping her slippers with care
On each little smooth little cinnamon stair.
“Oh, come, dear,” called Bonbon, “I’m down in a dell
And everywhere round there’s a mint sort of smell.
It’s cool and it’s quiet and green as can be —
You almost would think you were under the sea.
And tied to the trees there are wonderful swings.
There are mosses and ferns here, such feathery things!
And out of a rock, with a splash and a spurting,
Some cold little splutters of water are squirting.
And here overhead is a cinnamon sign
Pinned fast to the trunk of a lemony pine.
‘Read me,’ it says, ‘if you know how to spell —
I’m pointing the way to the Wishety Well.’”

Then on went the children as fast as they could,
And, oh, it was pleasant, that leafy green wood!
For thick on the pathway were pine needles strewn,
And scrunch went their feet with the merriest tune,
While the cones and the acorns that spilled from the
trees

Lay packed like a podful of tight little peas,
And hundreds of wild flowers bobbed from their beds
And bashfully nodded their scallopy heads.
And then there were squirrels that scolded about,
Importantly whisking their tails in and out,
And shy through the shadows came peeping a fawn,
Then heigh-ho! with a toss of her head she was gone.
But after a little the path took a bend,
And just at the spot where it came to an end,
There high in a wall swung a scrolly big gate
With greenish-gold lettering carved on the grate.
The children stood tiptoe to see what it said,
And this was the warning they finally read:
“Here lies the end of the Cinnamon Dell,
Enter you in to the Wishety Well!
Enter, O wisher, and if you be wise
All will go well with your wishety prize.

But woe to all wishers who greedily try
To wish in the well till the well runs dry;
For then shall the Genie who lives in the well
Cast over the wisher the wishety spell.
Though never, no, never, the Genie will fail
To send up a wish in the wishety pail,
The joy that the wish was intended to bring
Will all have gone out of the beautiful thing,
And the gift that comes back in the bucket of gold
Will appear to the wisher as faded and old.
Oh, never again shall he taste of the joy
He felt at the sight of that first gay toy,
For the wishety Genie who guards the well
Will have cast on the wisher a lifelong spell,
Forever have touched with a magical touch
The gifts of the wisher who wished too much.”





THE WISHETY WELL

NOW the Wishety Well it was nothing to see.
Without, it looked common as common could be,
For over the sides of the crumbling stone
Some gray-green mosses and lichen had grown.
But when they went nearer to lean on the ledge,
And, breathless, stood peering down over the edge,
From out of the shadows, in spark after spark,
Those wishes winked upward like eyes in the dark.
“But wait!” shouted Bonbon. “I’ve thought of a plan
To find Santa’s heart if we possibly can.
Why don’t we try wishing? You never can tell —
Let’s wish for the heart in the Wishety Well!”
“Why, what an idea! I think it’s a pet!
Suppose we should find it!” exclaimed Bonbonette.
So slowly and gravely, that minute and there,
They wrote out their wish with the utmost of care.
Then click! went the slate in the bucket — behold!
And deep in the well went the bucket of gold.
“Oh, goody!” cried Bonbon, “it’s starting to rise,
It’s coming, it’s coming as sure as your eyes!
Alas! In the bottom there’s only the slate,

But what is that writing upon it? Oh, wait!"
They looked at the slate and they both looked again,
They stared for the whole of a minute, and then
They turned it around till it stood on its head,
And this was the rhyme that they finally read:

Hearts, heigh-ho! they're odd, you know,
For some be golden gay,
And some be red, I've heard it said,
But mine is purplish gray.

Oh, some be thick and some be slick,
And some be flimsy flat,
And some be thin as any pin,
But fancy — mine is fat!

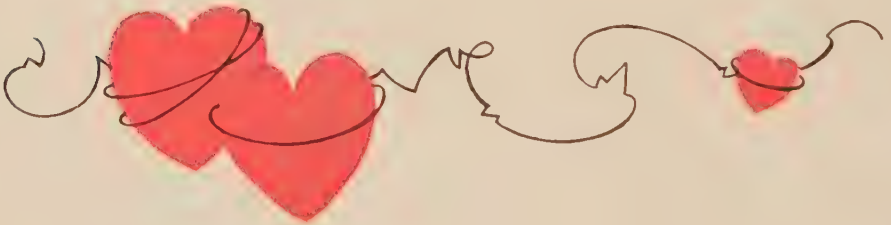
Hearts, heigh-ho! they differ so,
Deny it as you will,
For some like best to lie and rest,
But mine is never still.

Oh, hearts may weigh a ton, they say,
But mine is light as foam.
So look you round, and when 'tis found
I beg you bring it home!

“How perfectly puzzly!” exclaimed Bonbonette.
“That’s surely the oddest of anything yet!
Our own Santa wrote it, that’s plain to be seen,
But what in the world can it possibly mean?
I wonder — don’t move for a minute at all,
But look at our shadow spread out on the wall —
That funny, fat shadow, the shadow *we* make!
Oh, look, Bonbon dear, there can be no mistake!”
“I see it! I see it!” breathed Bonbon astart.
“*Together our shadows make one big heart!*”



But what does it mean, Bonbonette? Can you guess?"
Then ever so softly she answered him, "Yes!
I know I have guessed it, I do, dear, I do,
For something inside of me tells me it's true."
Wisely then Bonbonette nodded her head.
'It's so precious I'll whisper it, Bonbon," she said,
"For this is the secret, the most special part:
We ourselves were made out of our own Santa's heart!"
"Of course," Bonbon answered, "of course that is it,
And to think that we never suspected a bit!
I think, Bonbonette, that a nice thing to do
Would be to go back to our Santa, don't you?
For look, dear, it's getting a little bit late,
The wind is a creak at the wishety gate,
The shadows grow deep, and the round sun pales,
For twilight is spreading her silvery sails."



SLEEP-TIME

SO OUT of the dell at the closing of day,
Home through the woodland they wended their way,
And quietly, quietly, well content,
Up, up the cinnamon steps they went.
And lo! in the garden the mother-like sun
Had beckoned her babies, and, one after one,
Each tired little sunbeam, preparing to nap,
Was tumbling to rest in her warm, wide lap;
While soft through the shadows so furry and gray,
The plump little animals pattered away,
Till deep in their burrows they nibbled and nosed,
Where, folding their paws up for pillows, they dozed;
While cradled aloft in the tips of the trees,
Tenderly lulled by the butterscotch breeze,
Each tired little bird, with its head on its breast,
Was drowsily, drowsily nodding to rest.



But the Lollypops — they were the funniest things,
For they cuddled their curly bright heads on their wings,
And down through the twilight, with never a peep,
They gently came spilling and spilling to sleep.
Oh, some nestled safe in a bush or a tree,
And some snuggled down in the grasses with glee,



But those who were fond of a tipsier dream
Went bumbling about on the breast of the stream,
While one little fellow, who flew with a whirl
And lit by mistake on his tippy-top curl,
Fell asleep in a jiffy, and there, like a bumpkin,
He slept the whole night on his poor little pumpkin.



“But hush, dear,” sighed Bonbonette, “isn’t it still?
The creamy white cloud is adoze on the hill,
And I’m getting weary the tiniest bit —
Oh, look! In the palace the candles are lit.”
Then lo! like a whisper the butterscotch breeze
Went wavering up through the tips of the trees,
And shy through the twilight he puffed from afar
And coaxed out the first little trembly star.
On pattered Bonbon and Bonbonette
Along through the Gardens of Caramelle,
And out came the fireflies on flickery wing
All with their green little lanterns aswing.
And thus, as they darted and dipped and swayed



And wove themselves into the velvety shade,
The butterscotch breezes came blowing and brought
To both of the children this curious thought :
That half of a world was beginning to rise
Just as the other half closed up its eyes.
Then puff! at that moment from out of the blue,
More soft than a snowflake and shinier, too,
Along through the light of the lemony moon
Came drowsily drifting the sugar balloon.
So into the basket the two children crept,
While all of the birds and the animals slept,
And the last thing they heard as they nodded along
Was the fountain who sang to her fishes a song :



Swish! Swish! Sleep, little fish!
Moon is ashine on the mountain.
Sleep! Sleep! Safe in the deep,
In the deep, cool bed of the fountain.

Babes of my heart, safer thou art
Than the sprinkle of stars up aloft.
Swish! Swish! Sleep, little fish,
While I sing thee a lullaby soft.

Safe in thy pool, silvery cool,
Sleep sweetly, my babies, and well.
Swish! Swirl! Snugger than pearl
That is hid in the heart of a shell.

Swish! Swish! Sleep, little fish!
Moon is ashine on the mountain.
Dream! Dream! Glimmer and gleam
In the arms of thy mother, the fountain.



Faint and far off came the lullaby croon,
Down to the earth sank the sugar balloon.
More light than a bubble it bumped to the lawn,
But snug in the basket the children slept on.
Then lo! in that quietness, hark, oh, hark!
The merriest whistle was blown through the dark,
And soft to his children from out of the gloam
Santa came chuckling and carried them home.



HOME

THE next thing they knew they were back in the shop.
And a table sat waiting with supper on top.
With crisp little biscuits all sizzling hot
And strawberry jam from the strawberry pot.
All warm by the fire it was pleasant to sup.
And when they had finished they cuddled them up
And there, while the ashes fell crumbling apart.
They told Santa all about finding his heart.
But when they were through Santa smiled to himself.
He took down a candlestick off of a shelf
And then, with his candle held high overhead.
He led his two children upstairs and to bed.
And lo! there stood twin little beds by his own.
And over each pillow a nighty was thrown.
And into these swiftly went tumbling two
As tired little children as ever you knew,
Who only remembered one thing after this —
And that was the moment when old Santa Criss
Bent tenderly over them, holding the light.
And tucked in their covers and kissed them good night.

